

W I N T E R.

ADIEU, ye groves—adieu, ye plains!
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Observe the lab'ring skies.

See from afar th'impending storm,
With fullen haste appear;
See Winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd sight;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or Sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, O Maria! much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms shall fail;
The rose must droop, the lily fade,
And Winter soon prevail.

Again, the lark, sweet bird of day,
May rise on active wing:
Again, the sportive herds may play,
And hail reviving Spring.

But youth, my fair, sees no return,
The pleasing bubble's o'er;
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall, to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl! that time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain;
In blissful scenes of mutual love,
With some distinguisht swain.

So shall Life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene;
Thus Summer, Autumn, glide away,
And Winters close the scene!